

THE DRAMA.

BOOTH AND DANSEUR AT THE WINTER GARDEN.
A performance, that will long be remembered as among the most popular and most impressive dramatic representations ever known in New-York, was given at the Winter Garden on Saturday evening. It will be remembered, too, by a host of persons. The theater was not merely full—it was absolutely overfilled. Almost every nationality was typified in the audience. The Germans came in great force. The brilliant nature of the city were represented by several of its most distinguished workers in the arts and the learned professions. Fashion, in gorgeous array, gleamed brilliantly over the whole scene. Enthusiastic good-will, toward both the performers and the performers, found expression in frequent and hearty applause. A more absolute and more typical popular success than the production of "Othello" on this occasion, has not hitherto been witnessed on the New-York stage. The play was, indeed, produced with inadequate scenery, setting aside that of the fifth act; but its characters were, for the most part, admirably sustained. *Othello* was presented by Mr. Booth, Dawson, *Iago* by Mr. Booth, *Cassio* by Mr. Geddes, *Roderigo* by M. W. Davis, *Bianca* by Mrs. Daneson, *Diamond* by Mr. Leffingwell, *Deshdemon* by Mrs. Methna-Scheller and *Emilia* by Miss Isa Vernon. The dialogue of the tragedy was spoken partly in English and partly in German. Mr. Dawson, of course, spoke in German. Mrs. Methna-Scheller spoke in German. In *Deshdemon's* scenes with *Othello*, but, in all other scenes, she dropped in the dialogue into English. The effect of this mixture of tongues, though not ludicrous, was scarcely agreeable. Art forbids the combination of two languages, one play. Hobson's choice was, however, offered in this case, the combination or nothing, and so the combination had to be made. The result was a poor imitation of "Othello," which vividly interested us, and the presentation, in graphic and picturesque concert and contrast, of two of the best of living actors. Such a result was worth some sacrifice. The public may be well content to endure a little hearing of Babel, for the sake of so large a sight of the promised land of dramatic art.

Shakespeare, notwithstanding the complacent theorizing of critics, is not moved to him, but, manifestly, either higher purposes in his writings than that of adjusting himself to the exigencies of the stage, or providing for the stamping box of the theatrical manager; and it is proper that those purposes should be recognized and respected. "Othello" was not lightly presented on this occasion. A spirit of reverence for the great poet, and a certain unconscious consciousness of the dignity of the dramatic art, seemed to pervade the entire performance. Such, at least, was our personal impression. Mr. Dawson—our trifler with a noble pursuit and a solemn responsibility—astonished and delighted us by his performance of *Othello*.

The indomitable intellect, to which we have done justice on previous occasions, seems then to have up with a new and nobler effort. The artistic act was still with the glow of nature. It was evident that the artist had comprehended the character, the passions, and the anguish of *Othello*, through the heart as well as the brain. In the earlier scenes he was really a lover, happy in his love, buoyant and glad, and gay as a morning in Spring-time. To hear his speeches before the council was to see and feel that the man's heart was all on fire. Very manly and very gay was he, too, with his delivery of the scenes of his successful wooing. But we must drop upon single points. Enough to say that here, and all along until the Moor begins to yield to *Iago's* villainous suggestions, Mr. Dawson laid in, in it were, a back-ground of beauty and poesy—a sunny spot of his later passion, bright in lurid light and tenuities. This is true to Shakespeare; for the depth and strength and wildness of *Othello's* jealousies swing naturally from the intense, all-trusting spirit of his love. But the actor was no less true to Shakespeare in the more tremendous and exacting of the third, fourth, and fifth acts. His power, his play, his art, his appropriate and forcible vehemence, his affecting portrayal of the storms of the intellect to quell the savage blood of the barbarian in his veins—not to speak of his commanding presence and perfect stage-business—gave abundant scope to the great temptation-scene (in which, also, Mr. Booth played with beautiful precision and truthful feeling), and made it something to be ever remembered. His late performance of the struggle of love against duty, in *Desdemona*, touching as that most pathetic of scenes, the scenes of the fourth act—was indescribably touching. But most affecting of all was his expression of intolerable misery—the very delirium of grief—when, at the end, he caught up the body of the murdered Desdemona, and moaned and raved forth—

"Gold cold, my girl,

Even like thy charity,
O cursed, cursed slave!—whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight.
Blow me out in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Drown me in short, deep gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Desdemona! O! O! O!"

This situation, somewhat analogous to that of *Lear* lancing over *Cordelia*, never had such force of pathos given to it, on our stage, as was given to it by Mr. Dawson. Not to dwell longer upon this single performance, we have only to add that Mr. Dawson's *Othello* is, it all well, is one of the greatest impersonations that adorn and dignify the modern stage.

The minor faults in it, however, should not pass unnoticed. Mr. Dawson's stage-walk, at times, is curious and amusing. Moreover, he makes the Moor a negro in appearance. *Othello* is not a negro, but a Moor, and should be represented neither as a black nor a mulatto, but with a tawny or olive hue. Mr. Dawson's costume of the Moor was of a feature, the prominent feature, of the grand representation. Mr. Booth's *Iago* is a familiar piece of characterization to most habitual attendees upon the theaters. It is instinct with genius. Its quick transitions from hypocritical gentleness to hellish malignity are electrical, and move the effect of flashes of light suddenly darted into the darkness of some dreadful cavern, as sudden as the flash of a carbine bullet. The mechanism of his piano likewise gives thorough interpretation; and it is a peculiar excellence in his personation of this character that he does not permit fineness entirely to swallow up humanity. We have seen Mr. Booth play *Iago* better, in some respects, than he played it during the first three acts on Saturday evening; but, in what we may describe as the grand slaying party, in fact, not in a farce, but in his audience with an incomparable sentiment of humor. His acting, in the last scene, was likewise excellent.

His acting, up to now, in *Othello*'s self-governed, and to greet over the world, was made, I had wrought, was an admiration. Loveliest of stage-arrangements, he had been greatly moved by the picture over which the curtain fell at the end of this performance. In respect to the acting in the other parts, we can only now say that Mrs. Methna-Scheller interpreted the character of *Desdemona* with winning sympathy of feeling and aptitude of gesture; that Mr. Andrews, as *Roderigo*, gave a most forcible and therefore, the prominent feature, of the grand representation. Mr. Booth's *Iago* is a familiar piece of characterization to most habitual attendees upon the theaters. It is instinct with genius. Its quick transitions from hypocritical gentleness to hellish malignity are electrical, and move the effect of flashes of light suddenly darted into the darkness of some dreadful cavern, as sudden as the flash of a carbine bullet. The mechanism of his piano likewise gives thorough interpretation; and it is a peculiar excellence in his personation of this character that he does not permit fineness entirely to swallow up humanity. We have seen Mr. Booth play *Iago* better, in some respects, than he played it during the first three acts on Saturday evening; but, in what we may describe as the grand slaying party, in fact, not in a farce, but in his audience with an incomparable sentiment of humor. His acting, in the last scene, was likewise excellent.

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RISTORI.

Madam Ristori will play *Mary Stuart* this evening, at the French Theater. The matinee performance of *Mary* on Saturday attracted a very large audience.

"Elizabeth" will be given on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday, Madam Ristori will play *Mary Stuart*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The next great event of her engagement will be the production of "Cannan," on Friday. It is expected that, in this play, Madam Ristori will eclipse even the splendor of the success which she has hitherto attained here in "Elizabeth" and "Mary Stuart."

BROADWAY THEATER.

A new piece will be presented at this theater to-night, that is, to the day of generation of theatergoers. It is called "Chloroform, or New-York in 1867." It was written, and its chief character was originally acted by Mr. C. A. Logue, but it has not been adapted, for the passing hour, and the leading part will be played by Mr. Owings. Tom Taylor's comedy "Vivians" will also be presented.

OLYMPIA THEATER.

The rates of admission to the Olympia Theater have been reduced, the change to take effect to-day.

INSTALLATION.—Last evening the Rev. J. E. AMAN

was installed, with the usual ceremonies, as pastor of the

Fortieth-st. Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Peetor

prescribed the introductory sermon, taking for the subject

of his address the necessary elements of the Church, and

the relation to be observed between the pastor and his people.

The elements of a true Church, and without

which it could not be prosperous, were Truth, Love, and

Providence. The minister, he said, should be a warm-

hearted, steadfast Christian. Religious enthusiasts were

not looked upon in the church with favor; but the calm,

pure and unswerving devotion to good purposes, was

more acceptable. Dr. Peetor's sermon was well received.

Dr. Alexander of Princeton addressed the congregation on the duties of the people to their minister. About two weeks ago he came to the congregation of the Forty-second Street Methodist, and, by his remarks, which is of some remarkable kind, that by the player the most complete mastery of every shade of tone p. medium and f.t. In short, this piano contains all the advantages of the best instruments of the kind, and stands side by side with the best pianos of Europe. The Grand Piano of Chickering & Sons, the author of *Mesmerism* in the Conservatory, and at the Gewandhaus Concerts, writes: "I have a copy of the Grand Piano of Chickering & Sons, and am very much pleased with it. It is a fine instrument, and stands well in comparison with the best pianos of Boston and New-York, which I have tried and examined, one of the best instruments of the class that ever I have seen." The most satisfying testimonials to the professional skill of Chickering & Sons are these voluntarily accorded

by two of the greatest piano manufacturers in the world.

The old firm, Broadwood & Sons, and the celebrated firm of Collard & Collard, Broadwood says, in a letter to *Welt*: "I think I was delighted with their Grand Piano forte, as good an instrument, I think, as was ever

produced." The Collards write, "We consider that the

best instrument of American manufacture that has

ever been produced is the Chickering grand piano.

It was not expected for instance, that Americans

would surpass in time all European methods of

construction, and stand first in the world.

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